Calmage Sermon

By Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D. D.

os Angeles, Cal., Sept. 16.-This ely sermon, appropriate to the seaof the ingathering of fruits, brings t is Canticles I, 6, "But mine own eyard have I not kept."

es, I have seen a neglected vine-d. No man can fully understand it my text means unless be has ned through one and has seen the bits scurry through the weeds two high and has lifted up the long runed vines heavy ladea with uneloped grapes, immature through of care, and has seen how the kers have shot out from under the was as vipers sapping away the ength of the vines, and yet, as a bearing no fruit. Yes, I have through such a vineyard. I have ndered through one, accompanied an old vine grower. I have seen pathetically lift up vine after vine, a physician might look at the ganed limb of a little child, which deposition has been caused by the practice of an ignorant doctor, and re heard him say: "Shame! Shame! a perfect shame to let this vined go to waste. Why, even after this lect, there are at least sixty pounds good grapes upon that one vine e. Shame shame to destroy such inevard as this growing upon such Thus we went through upon acres of these neglected

erhaps you would like to know how came to see this fine vineyard going aste. I had turned my steps homed. My summer vacation in south California was about ended. The es of a busy pastorate were calling back to the city. With a compan-I was taking a short cut through of the very rarely traveled cans, when suddenly, as night overtook we came upon a deserted farm, or ch. It was in one of the garden s of the world. For nearly twenty s its owner had lived there, battling nat consumption. A few months pre we arrived the end had come, his pain racked body was placed he dust from whence it came. For years before he died all his gles were evidently exhausted in ysical struggle for mere existence. e were the broad fields stretching r, practically uncultivated. There the beautiful trees near to his h home just as nature had grown n. There were the deserted rooms is dwelling, with one of the walls en in upon his empty bed. The ks and weekly periodicals were still g around. There were even some is canceled checks lying upon the r. There was a farm, or ranch, of acres, 300 of which were tiliable, their orchards and fields and vineds, but with no hand to care for It was a beautiful, but a sad, sad place. For this place, like for Hugo's Notre Dame, had a t. We could see moving everyre the frail, sick form of the late er, who on account of his physical

ents, had been compelled to neglect se fields and orchards and vineyards, A Neglected Vineyard. here might have been some excuse the sick man who owned this lected vineyard of which I have ken to have neglected his vined, but there is no excuse for us neglect our spiritual vineyards, as author of Canticles declares the rch of God has been doing. Now, we all, each fall, delight to eat the luscious grapes which are placed n our dining room tables I thought morning I would draw my ser ic illustrations from the vinevard ustries of the world. My compariwill not be found in the grapes which some of us raise in our ntry homes, where we build a little or in our back yards and there w a few vines to grow over it. er which we flee to escape the ine heat of the midnoon sun. But I draw my illustrations from the pe industries of southern Califorand the Holy Land, where grape wing is a business upon an enred scale, and where the vines, laid in long rows 8 by 8 or 8 by 10. tch themselves over hundreds and netimes thousands upon thousands icres, as the cornfields spread themes over the prairies of Kansas or wheatfields grow in the Dakotas. any of the oriental cities like Sain were nothing more or less than at centers for this grape industry. plains of Abel-Keramin were etimes called "the Plains of Vineds." The grapes of the valley of acol not only made their vines clamover all the hillsides and the lowds between Hebron and Kadesh. those grapes were famous for their and sweetness as well as for their intity. Thus we have not only a at industry from which to draw sermonic comparisons, but we have the grapes, which formed of the chief industries of the brew race. "Mine own vineyard e I not kept" should offer a vital me for all Christians, The words which introduce my text

"My mother's children are angry th me. They made me keeper of the neyards, but mine own vineyard have not kept." That is the word picture son who has been left the executor his father's estate. The last sickss has come. The funeral is over. will has been read. The will goes nething thuswise: "This is my last ded suddenly away, I leave all my be made to pay their maximums, judgment seat of Christ." Oh, my eave my oldest son as the executor friends, what a spiritual blessing has

vineyards and cultivate them and not planted last week or last year. market the fruit and divide the pro- You have an inherited gospel vineyard. ceeds with the other children until You have inherited those vineyards dithey become of age and can care for rectly from your father's and mother's their own." The eldest son is con-scientions. He takes care of the vine-You cannot if you would, and you yards of his brothers and sisters, culti- would not if you could, get away from vating and pruning them, and brings this vital, spiritual, life giving docthem to a high state of development, trine. Each of the vineyards goes out of his is a breath of the vineyards. The duty to perform, another: as the generation has greater apportunities teacher, so attentive to the progress for doing good than had the generatime, or the preacher intent on the wel- ally going shead and doing larger and neglected and go to ruin.

The Life of a Vine.

I asked an old grape grower. "Do they our heads higher than they did. Therehave a comparatively short life, like that of the peach tree, which, as a horse, dies from old age anywhere trate my thought from the vineyard between fifteen and twenty years? Do industry of southern California. they live on and on, as the walnut tree, bearing even after it has reached the century mark?" I had the owner of the greatest walnut ranch in southern California tell me that in Harlem, New York, there was growing a walnut tree over a hundred years old. He went to visit it some time ago, because it was said to be growing upon a city lot where the owner was soon to cut it down, as he intended to build an apartment house on that lot. And he furthermore told me that this tree was bearing just as good walnuts at the time he saw it as any walnut tree on his ranch. "Well," answered this vineyard grower, "that depends. If a vineyard is taken care of the vines seem to have no age limit. There are in southern California grape bearing vines which were planted by the Indians under the old Spanish regime." 'But what if a man neglects his vineyard or waters it too much?" "If a man tries to force a vine's grapes and does not allow it to sink its roots deep enough into the soil, that vineyard, Well, all that land is mine. There is will die. In other words, if a man cares for his vineyards aright they have practically no age limit. With my eyes I have seen luscious grapes growing on vines over ninety years old." This was the testimony of the grape grower. Did not your Christian, godly parents care for their gospel vineyards aright? Did they not let the roots sink deep enough into the ground to bury their fibers in the rich soil which lies deep under the Calvary cross?

Looking back over the long years of your childhood and young manhood, you cannot think of a day in which those dear old folks were not diligently at work in caring for their gospel vineyards. Your father never started a day's work unless he first gathered his family about him and said, "Come, children, let us ask God to help us prune our vineyards of all selfishness and sin." Then, that good man was not satisfied with simply walking through his vineyard and sticking out an arm here and a hand there, and with the pruning shears cutting off The doves, the qualis, the rab- this bad vine and that dead wood, the bees, were everywhere holding but he got right down on his knees carnival. As we lay for a few in order to be able better to see his s under those trees we could hear imperfections. As he cut and slashed wildcat's snarling calls and the at the evil nature of his own heart, did s barks and the coyote's yells as he not keep saying, "O Lord, help me were starting out to hunt their to cut away all the evil tendrils of my it was a beautiful, but a sad, sinful life?"

When the springtime comes, the rich, green, tender shoots begin to grow, upon which the rabbits love to feast, To prevent this injury, the wise owner of the vinevards builds his wire fences clear around the vineyard to keep the four legged pests out. When the army worms marshal their bosts by the thousands and the millions and the billions and move forward to aunihilate those vineyards, the owners of the vineyards build their deep, wide trenches about their precious fruits so that these worm destroyers cannot get in, as the cavaller of mediaeval times had his moats filled with water about his walled castle to keep the enemies out. When the rich grapes come, the vineyard owner has his armed men, as sentinels, continually moving in and out among the vines to drive away the quail that would eat up the young grapes. Thus did your Christian father and mother continually build their spiritual wire fences and dig their ditches and fight away the little foxes of evil and the quall of temptations which would come to destroy their spiritual vineyards. Did they not daily lift between themselves and the world the precious promises of God? Aye, they literally soaked their Lves in the commandments of God, so that they could not be tempted by any temptations greater than they could

A Better Inheritance. Do not tell me that when your Christian father died be left you no inherit-Ance. You say, "When he died the farm went to my elder brother." But your father's greatest asset was not in his farm. You say, "He had a little money-a few thousand dollars-but he sister." But your father's estate had more than money. You inherited his spiritual vineyard. You have inherited his example of a Christian life well lived. You have inherited the example of the joy and peace which come to a noble Christian man who, in every word he speaks and in every deed he does, speaks and lives for God. Am I wrong in declaring that the vineyards which have come to you are inherited vineyards? Your Inherited spiritual vineyards are as old as the prayers your father made on the day he first knelt at the communion of the Lord's supper. They are as old as the prayers he made on the day he dedicated you to God when you were baptized at the church altars. They are as old as the prayers he made for you at the family altar on the day you left the old homestead. They are as old as the blessing and benediction he gave when he put his trembling hand upon your and testament. If I should be head on the day he died, when he said, "My boy, I gave you to God when you neyards to my children, share and were born; I give you to God now that re alike. But that these properties I must leave you to stand before the

of the whole estate. He is to prune the been yours! Your gospel vines were

We do not inherit our gospel vines hands as one brother or sister after alone. We also inherit a vast acreage another comes of age. The eldest son of rich, uncultivated soil, upon which then discovers that while he was car- we should plant new vineyards and ing for those other vineyards his own enlarge our grape producing regions. vineyard has fallen into ruin. The In other words, no child has a right writer is describing the folly of a to be content with the work which his one sided policy, the neglect of one forefathers accomplished. Each 'new of his own pupils that he neglects his tions which preceded it. Therefore it own development and falls behind his is your duty and mine to be continufare of his flock, while his own sons, grander and nobler work than did our who had the first claim on him, are fathers and mothers. We should profit by their mistakes as well as successes. To speak figuratively, by standing upon "How long do the grapevines live?" their broad shoulders we should lift fore we should have a larger horizon for our gospel vision. Let me illus-

Planting New Vineyards, I am a vineyard grower. The time of the annual ingathering of grapes is past. You are also a vineyard grower, We have been close friends for years. Having a few weeks to rest up before the January and February "pruning," you come to make me a visit. With great pride I take you through my vineyards, to show you their richness, I say: "Yes, those are fine vines. My father planted them fifty years ago. He lived here and died here. These ines were his one thought. He put his best lifeblood into their development." On the way back to the house we climb a hill and I point out to you the extent of my property. "Do you tee all those vines at our feet? Well, they are all mine. Do you see those posts running down from yonder hills clear into the center of the valley by those broad fields? Well, all that land Is mine. Do you see those fields to the east, and that jutting of rock yonder? no soil in all this region which is richer and better than those broad fields of mine." "Oh," you say to me, "then your father only cultivated a small part of his ranch. The vines were only planted in a small area of the land which he owned."

"Yes," I reply, "While father lived the vineyard growers did not know as much about grape raising as we do now. Our forefathers did not have the system we have. Wire fences were not invented at that time. They did not know as much about pruning and cultivating. Besides that, this country was so sparsely settled fifty years ago that it would have been impossible to have gathered enough workmen at one time to have picked the grapes on the vines when they were ripe. That work has to be done very quickly. Then, if my father had been able to pick all these grapes there were so few people living in southern California at that time that there would have been no markets for the grapes after they had been picked. Thus my father only planted a tenth part of his ranch into vineyards." Then you say: "But conlitions have changed. Why do you not hange? Why do you continue to let all these fields lie idle because your father did? He had a reason for this fallow land. You have none. Do you not realize that God holds you to acunt not only for taking care of your father's vineyards, but also for planting new vineyards of your own?" Ah. cou are right. You are right. I am not only to be held accountable to God for carrying on the good work which my Christian father and mother did, but I am also to be held accountable to him to do new work on my own ac-

tount and to plant new vineyards, It is of infinite importance not to neglect the old gospel vines which have been carefully cultivated by our Christian ancestors. But is that any reason to neglect new fields of gospel labor? John Knox led his gospel mission to the court of Mary, queen of Scots, and he did a great and good work, but that other mighty Scotchman, Alexander Duff, was not content with serving his own country, but proceeded to culfivate new gospel vineyards and went as a foreign missionary to India. The Bedford allegorist, John Bunyan, was willing to languish in jail because they would not let him preach as a nonconformist minister, but that other great nonconformist English preacher, William Booth, resolves to break away from his Methodist brethren in order to lead the Salvation Army in its gos pel mission among the slums and to the outcasts of the world. Abraham Lincoln signed the emancipation proclamation for the American slave. Booker T. Washington resolves to take another step forward and lead his negro compatriots into the higher realms of domestic purity and mechanical and agricultural usefulness and Christian citizenship. Our Christian mothers believed-as Paul commanded the ancient disciples in his Corinthian epistle, "Let your women keep silence in church, for it is not perleft all that to my mother and invalid mitted unto them to speak," but their daughters will not be debarred from service, so they find work for a Frances E. Willard and a Frances Havergal and a Susan B. Anthony and a Maud Booth and for thousands upon thousands of noble women and young girls, who are pleading for Christ in our midweek prayer meetings, and who are working in our rescue missions and who are the leaders of our social settlements, our Christian Endeavor societies and our Epworth leagues Oh, my dear friends, our Christian fathers and mothers did a mighty work for Christ in the times in which they lived. But what greater gospel work are you doing? What further mission ary fields are you reaching? Is the so cial outcast problem nearer being solved than when your Christian ances tors died? Are the black man and the yellow man and the red man and the peasant and the saloen keeper nearer to Christ than they were half a cen tury ago? What new vines of gospa usefulness have you planted for Christ which are now bringing forth their great clusters of Eshcol grapes for the

heavenly wine press? Are most of

your rich fields, rich in soils of gospel

STOP, WOMAN!



Following we publish two letters from a woman who accepted this invitation. Note the

ham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

First letter.

Post Mrs. Pinkham:—
"For eight years I have suffered something tergible every month. The pains are excruciating and I can bardly stand them. My doctor says I have a severe female trouble. and I must go through an operation if I want to get well. I do not want to submit to it if I can possibly help it. Please tell me what to do. I hope you can relieve me."—Mrs. Mary Dimmick, 55th and E. Capitol Streets, Washington, D. C. Second letter.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—
"After following carefully your advice, and taking Lydia E. Pinkhams Vegetable Compound, I am very auxious to send you my testimonial, that others unix know their value and what you have done for me.

"As you know, I wrote you that my doctor said I must have an operation or I could not live. I then wrote you, telling you my ailments. I followed your advice and am entirely well. I can walk miles without an ache or a pain, and I owe my life to you and to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I wish every suffering woman would read this testimonial and realize the value of writing to you and your remedy." Mrs. Mary ing to you and your remedy."-Mrs. Mary Dimmick, 59th and E. Capitol Streets, Washington, D. C.

When a medicine has been successful in restoring to health so many women whose testimony is so unquestionable, you cannot well say, without trying it. 'I do not believe it will help me. you are ill. don't hesitate to get a bot-tle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and write Mrs Pinkham, Lynn Mass., for special adviceit is free and always helpful.

opportunities, lying fallow and use-

Too Often Neglected. Too often we have not only neglected to care for the vines which we have inherited from our Christian ancestors and planted only here and there a stray vine in the broad, empty fields of gospel opportunities, but our sins of omission do not end here. After we have neglected our gospel vineyards we have been too indifferent and lazy to gather the clusters of grapes which have grown upon our vines in spite of our neglect. We seem to say to our heavenly Father: "God, I care so little for thee and thy glory that I would not even lift a finger to do good to those who are by my side. Nay, I will not speak even a word to bring my children to thee or my husband to thee or my father to thee or my friends to thee. I will let my neglected vines grow their grapes and then drop them to the ground. There I will let them lie and rot and rot before I will carry even one bunch of them to the

vineyards of southern California! Is not this fact true in your life? You know your little boy wants to become a Christian. His very face shows that he has your godly mother's consecrated blood in his velus. You see her looks there more every day. About three weeks ago he came home from Sunday school and told you about his lessons. If I remember right, it was about the parable of the householder who had rich grape producing soil. He planted a vineyard therein and let it out to the husbandmen. Then he went off into a far country. But when the time of grapes had come these husbandmen stole the vineyard from its owner and killed his messengers who came to collect the rent. Then at last they

gospel wine press," How easy it is to

find this sinful indifference to Christ

symbolized in some of the neglected

killed his only begotten Son, who was Jesus Christ. You will recollect how sweetly the boy told you the story. Then with his deep blue eyes he looked up into your face as he said, "Papa, will you let me join the church and give my heart to Jesus?" What did you tell him? You quickly answered: "Charley, you are not old enough. Wait a few years and then you can." Then he looked up at you again. This time his face looked more to you like your sainted mother's tona ever before, and he said: "But, papa, you are old enough. Why do you not join the church and pray as Harry's father prays?" Then he said to you: "Papa, do you suppose when I get to be a great big man like you are I won't want to go to church any more than you do? Then will I want to leave Sunday school and stay home from church every Sunday morning and read the newspapers as you do and let mamma go to church alone?" Was it the child alone plending with you for Christ. Was it your sainted mother? Tell me, man, are you going to let those rich clusters of grapes ripen in your gospel vineyard and not be pluck ed? O man, will you not learn to day the Christ lesson of the husband man who planted the vineyard and le it out to the husbandmen, which you little boy learned in his Sunday school

A Word of Caution. One other word of caution. men are busy in the Sunday school, and we thank God for such helpers. Some

are regularly at church and at the prayer meeting, and most devoutly does the pastor rejoice over such members But do not neglect your own vineyards. When your children grow up let them not have to say, "My father was never

ter has forgetten the eavenant of he God. 'They made me beeper of the vineyards, but my own vineyard have I not kent.

Would you not like to plant again and care for your gospel vineyards which will bring to you such joy, such peace, such comfort and such eternal results? Ah, yes, the gospel vineyards always bring forth a sure crop. This crop is to be yours forever if you ask Christ to help you replant and develop your neglected gospel vineyards.

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Hadrian's Wall.

Hadrian in A. D. 120 built a stone wall from Bowness, near Carlisle, on Solway frith, to the river Tyne, near Newcastle. It was eighty miles long and garrisoned by 10,000 troops. It was twelve to twenty feet high at various points, eight feet thick at the tor and provided with a gallery in the rear which enabled its defenders to take their stand with only head and shoulders visible to the enemy. At every quarter of a mile there was a castle with a garrison of troops. Bencon lights and signals were used, and on And the fact was duly printed in an attack, whether by day or by night, the news was at once flashed up and down the wall from sea to sea .- London Sphere.

A man rushed into the barber shop and jumped into the first waiting chair, Cnuph Pset of: fulminated on the "City's explaining, "Shave in a hurry." The barber was about to apply the lather when he noticed the customer's face It had been shaved in spots and looked like a wornout hair rug. "I beg your pardon," said the barber, "but whoever shaved you did not understand his business or must have been near- These things and others happened, in that sighted." "That's all right," replied the customer rather sharply. "Every man to his trade-you are a barberwell, I am not-that's why I came here.

Too Busy to Whistle.

soon be counted among the lost unless there is a revival of the cheery spirit that seems to be forsaking men. Nobody whistles as he works in these strenuous days. He has too much on his mind to pucker his lips in a whistle. Nor does he hum or sing to himself for that matter. Life is, if not downright sad, too busy for that joyous and unconscious expression of contentment.-Boston Herald.

Fred-Mamma, our principal says his schooldays were the happiest days of photographs of the Russian Duma. his life. Do you believe that? Mamma-Certainly. He wouldn't say so if Russian Duma to attract the Kansans? it were not true. Fred-Well, I suppose he played hookey and didn't get bers."-Chicago News. caught.

Unsuspected Art. "Did you know that forestry is real ly a branch of art?" "No. How so?"

"In its wood cuts, you know."-Baltimore American,

If a person determines early in life that a cheerful disposition is worth having and strives to obtain it and does so that person is a success in a fine sense of the word.

Dr. Bordet, chief physician at the Brabant Pasteur Institute, has informed the Belgium Academy that he has positively discovered a serum to prevent whooping cough.

at home; he did not do anything for my religious training." May you never have to say in your old age, "My son is a vagabond and a wanderer: my daugh-

HAS SCIENCE CONQUERED CANCER?

An Explicit Statement of Achieved Results by Dr. Saleeby.

Since Dr. Saleeby gave to the world through Harper's Weekly, last March, the first authoritative account of the remarkable discoveries by Dr. John Reard, of the University of Edinburgh, touching the cure of cancer, discussion of this immensely important scientific achievement has been wide-spread and eager. The demand for further information from Dr. Saleeby, who is Dr. Beard's accredited spokesman, has been so persistent that Harper's Weekly wrote to Dr. Saleeby, requesting a fuller statement of the verifiable, facts in the matter. His response appears in the issue of September 1. Dr. Saleeby has also fur-nished Harper's Weekly, for the use of correspondents, with a copy of Dr. Beard's latest directions for the administering of the trypsin treatment, which embody, he says, "the very best information as yet available." In this article, Dr. Saleeby not only replies to the objections raised by certain critics since the publication, in Harper's Weekly of March 3, of the firs account of Dr. Beard's discoveries, but he tells where trypsin may be procured in America, how it may be administered, and what the immediate and detailed effects are likely to be.

Incidentally, Dr. Saleeby makes the au perfluous observation that neither he no Dr. Beard is "on the make;" and he con veys the information that they are plan ning soon to start a fund in Great Bratain for supplying trypsin to poor patients. Neither of these distinguished scientists, as is senerally known, is a practicing physician; and readers will doubtless have no hesitation in accepting Dr. Saleeby's as surance that his advocacy of the new cure is altogether disinterested.

TRANSLATED.

One day I wrote a little song and liked it pretty well;

The Lover Spurned." I called it, and thought it sure to sell. The air was quite unhackeney-a simple melody-The words were very well conceived or,

so it seemed to me.) lover pleads with fervor to gain his longed-for bliss. The maid replies in a refrain that runs

somewhat like this: Thy honeyed words are fair, sir; Thy vows of faith are stout;

And still they truth I doubt. From all thy practiced art, sir, I fice while yet I may-Thou shall not have my heart, sir,

To break and cast away!"

But men may falsely swear str.

But when I offered it for sale the publisher said nor The lines were too old-fashioned, and the tune would never go,

The theme, he thought, would do, though and promised that if I Would bring my subject up to date he'd very likely buy. I did it, and he took it. The sale were

simply great-And here's the way the chorus when altered "up to date."

"That don't get you nothing-Cut that con talk out. None o' that goo-goo goes with m Take your has and twenty-three-What's that dope about?

You can't jolly me, kid, I'm dead wise to you; I heard that line o' task before, So Mister Man, Skiddoo!" -Cleveland Leader.

THE NEWS. It happened in old Babylon (or Memphis

or Gomorrah). It doesn't matter very much, some "City of the Plain;" happened on some "yesterday," "today," or yet "to-morrow;

Well, anyway, it happened, and it may occur again. That happened? Oh, why anything-a

murder like as not

often wainly tried; Somebody "sued the paper" for damaging his fame; The people loved and hated, fought,

stole, got married, died. lively ancient time:

"Important facts" were published, more important ones left out Some one invented clothespin, anothe

Their "names would be immortal." friends said, "without doubt." It is said the art of whistling will How we've advanced since that time, 4,000

years ago! We've railroads, telegraphs and phones the "dally" gossin mill; But it seems in certain aspects our prog-

ress has been slow-We have the same old massions and the same delusions still.

.-St. Louis Globe-Democrat. IRRESISTIBLE ATTRACTION.

"Yes, Brasser made a fortune in tw-

weeks," remarked the agent with a belated

account of the San Francisco earthquake. "Incredible," replied the wandering hat cleaner. "Did he hold up a bank?" "No, he went through Kansas selling "And what on earth was there about th "Why, the long whiskers of the mem

TRAVE TOURIST CAR LINES

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY Reduced rates for one way secondlass tickets to the Pacific Coast Aug.

27 to Oct. 31, inclusive. THROUGH TOURIST CARS TO THE COAST, ALSO TO CHICAGO.

Write for rates and full details of train service F. R. PERRY, D.P.A., C.P.R.,

362 Washington St., Boston.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP cas been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while feething for over Fifty Fear It seetings the child, softens the guns, allay all pain, cures wind colle, and is the bear remedy for diarrhoot.

TWEETY-FIVE CENTS A BOITLE.



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HENRY G. JAMESON'S ESTATE. STATE OF VERMONT, District of Grand
Grand Isle, ss.
The Honorable, the Probate Court for
the district of Grand Isle.
To all persons interested in the estate
of Hancy G. Jameson, late of Alburgh,
in said district, deceased, intestate,
GREETING:

in said district, deceased, intestate.

GREETING:

Whereas, said Court has assigned the
25th day of September, A. D. 1996, for
the settlement of the account of the
administrator of said deceased, and
ordered that public notice thereof be
given to all persons interested in said
estate by publishing this order three
weeks successively previous to the day
assigned in the Burlington Weekly
Free Press, a newspaper printed in
Burlington, in this State.
Therefore, you are hereby notified to
appear at the probate office, in said
district on the day assigned, then and
there to contest the allowance of said
account if you see cause.

Given under my hard this 4th day
of September, A. D. 1906.

WM. HAVNES,
Judge.

ESTATE OF SAMUEL A. ANDREWS RICHMOND.

STATE OF VERMONT, District of Chittenden.
To all persons interested in the es-

tenden.
To all persons interested in the estate of Samuel A. Andrews, late of Richmond, in said district, deceased.

At a Probate Court, holden at Burlington, within and for the District of Chittenden, on the 12th day of September, 1966, ar instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of Samuel A. Andrews, late of Richmond, in said district, deceased, was presented to the court aforesaid, for probate.

And it is ordered by said Court that the list day of October, 1996, at the Probate Court rooms in said Burlington, be assigned for proving said instrument; and that notice thereof be given to all persons concerned, by publishing this order three weeks successively in the Burlington Weekly Free Press, a newspaper published it said Burlington, previous to the time appointed.

Therefore, you are hereby notified to appear before said Court, at the time and pace aforesaid, and contest the probate of said will, if you have cause.

Given under my hand, at Burlington, in said district, this 12th day of September, 1996.

MARCELLUS A. BINGHAM. Judge. tember, 13

LSTATE OF SIDNEY H. WESTON,

COLCHESTER. STATE OF VERMONT, District of Chit-

11.wat

tenden.
To all persons interested in the esate of Sidney H. Weston, late of Coltate of Sidney H. Weston, chester, in said district, de-

murder like as not.
Or an "investigation" of the "Shiner Mutual Life."
Or a controversy, maybe, 'twixt kettle and the pot.
Or El-Dubh-Haddi ran away with Abdui Titowad's wife.

And the fact was duly printed in the Cunefform Gazette (A very brisk decential, engraved on granite blocks).

Which always scooped its rivals; its editor. Chuph Pset.
Kept the oad town "jumping sideways" with his periodic rocks.

Chuph Pset oft fulminated on the "City's Lasting Shame"

And "Big Cinches" to suppress him often wainly tried:

Chester, in said district, deceased.

At a Probate Court, holden at Burlington, within and for the District of Chittenden, on the 11th day of Sept. lington, within and testament of Sidney II. Weston, late of Colchester, in said district, deceased.

At a Probate Court, holden at Burlington, within and for the District of Chittenden, on the 11th day of Sept. lington, within and testament of Sidney II. Weston, late of Colchester, in said district, within and for the District of Chittenden, on the 11th day of Sept. lington, an instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of Sidney II. Weston, late of Colchester, in said district, thought at the 11th day of Sept. lington, within and testament of Sidney II. Weston, late of Colchester, in said district, within and for the District of Chittenden, on the 11th day of Sept. lington, an instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of Sidney II. Weston, late of Colchester, in said district, deceased.

At a Probate Court, holden at Burlington, that of the 11th day of Sept. lington, within and for the District of Chittenden, on the 11th day of Sept. lington, within and for the District of Chittenden, on the 11th day of Sept. lington, and instrument and instrument and the stament of Sidney II. Weston, late of Colchester, in said district, deceased, was presented to the Court nforesaid, for probate.

And it is ediented was greated to the Court nforesaid, for probate.

And the fact was duly printed in the East will and testament of Sidney II. Westo

MARCELLUS A. BINGHAM. 11.w3t Judge.

ESTATE OF JULIETTE W. ALLEN, BURLINGTON.

BURLINGTON.

STATE OF VERMONT, District of Chittenden.

To all persons interested in the estate of Juliette W. Allen, late of Burlington, in said district, deceased, GREETING:

At a Probate Court, holden at Burlington, within and for the district of Chittenden, on the 10th day of Sept, 1906, an instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of Juliette W. Allen, late of Burlington, in said district, deceased, was presented to the court aforesaid, for probate.

And it is ordered by said court that the 2sth day of Sept, 1906, at the Probate court rooms in said Burlington, be assigned for proving said instrument; and that notice thereof be given to all persons concerned, by publishing this order three weeks successively in the Burlington Weekly Free Press, a newspaper published at Burlington, previous to the time appointed.

Therefore, you are hereby notified to appear before said court, at the time and place aforesaid, and contest the probate of said will, if you have cause.

Cliven under my hand at Burlington.

Given under my hand at Burlington said district, this 10th day of Sep ember, 1906. MARCELLUS A BINGHAM, Judge.

ESTATE OF MARGARET C. HAR-RINGTON, BURLINGTON. STATE OF VERMONT, District of Chit-

tenden.
To all persons interested in the estate of Margaret C. Harrington, late of Burlington, in said district, de-

At a Probate Court, holden at Furling-ton, within and for the District of Chit-tenden, on the lith day of September, 1906, an instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of Mar-garet C. Harrington, late of Burling-ton, in said district, deceased, was ton, in said district, deceased, was presented to the court aforesaid, for

presented to the court aforesaid, for probate.

And it is ordered by said court that the 5th day of October, 1906, at the Probate Court Rooms in aid Burlington, be assigned for proving said instrument; and that notice thereof be given to all persons concerned, by publishing this order three weeks successively in the Burlington weeks successively in the Burlington at said Burlington, previous to the time appear before said court, at the time and place aforesaid, and contest the probate of said will, if you have cause.

Given under my hand at Burlington in said district, this 11th day of Beptember, 1906.

MARCELLUS A. BINGHAM.